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ILLINOIS THEATRE

6 NIGHTS
5 MATINEES

Commencing Monday Evening, Dec. 13th

Evenings at 8:15

Matinees at 2:30

D. W. GRIFFITH'S MIGHTY SPECTACLE

"The Birth of a Nation"
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Triumph of the Stage

Eight Months Consumed
In the Making at a
Cost of Half a Mil-
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A WHIRLWIND STORY OF LOVE, ROMANCE, HIS-
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PEACE AND SONG. THE VERITABLE EIGHTH
WONDER OF THE WORLD, EXHIBITING SCENES
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Persons, Three Thous-
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The Author Has Created Al-
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THE COMPANY CARRIES ITS OWN SYMPHONY OR-
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MEN EDUCATED IN THE ART OF PRODUCING AN
ATMOSPHERE OF GENUINE REALISM.

Men and Women Jour-
ney Hundreds of Miles
to See It. Nothing Like It
Since the Dawn of Civilization

NIGHTS

Lower Floor, first 5 rows \$1.00
Lower Floor, next 10 rows \$2.00
Lower Floor, last 4 rows \$1.50
Balcony, first 2 rows \$1.50

Balcony, next 2 rows \$1.00
Balcony, next 2 rows 75c
Balcony, last 3 rows 50c
Gallery, (not reserved) 50c

PRICES

MATINEES

Lower Floor, first 5 rows. 75c
Lower Floor, next 14 rows \$1.00
Balcony, first 2 rows \$1.00

Balcony, next 6 rows 75c
Balcony, last 3 rows 50c
Gallery, (not reserved). 25c

SEAT SALE BEGINS WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 8th

PIDGIN ISLAND

By HAROLD MACGRATH



CHAPTER XVIII.

The Storm Passes.

Cranford released the enemy, stared at him, at Diana, at the other young woman he had never seen before. Her brother! He laughed, toppled into a chair and bent his aching head to his knees. He was hanging on to things by a mere rag of nervous energy. The daughter of Michael Smead! That morning, by the aid of what remained of his last candle, he had discovered a loose plank in the side of the cistern, and all day long, with but a few intervals of rest, he had tugged and twisted and pulled and kicked. The plank gave outward at 5 o'clock or thereabouts. But two more were necessary to admit of his passing out into the cellar and thence to freedom. Followed a stumbling, staggering journey in the dark, ignorant of how far he was away, persistently onward to the west, still crimson and purple. In all he had come six miles—to find that this man was her brother and that she was the daughter of Michael Smead.

"Di, I'll be getting on my way." The younger Smead straightened his collar and the mechanically. With Cranford at liberty, he sensed the danger in which his father and companion stood. He must at least give them fair warning. "Do you mean it all, Don?" "About going away, of trying hereafter to walk straight? From the bottom of my soul, girl. It doesn't pay. South America. Will you wish me good luck?" "Yes, yes! Good luck! I shall always be thinking of you." She stretched out her hand. Donald would always be to her the faint-handsome, charming, whimsical, merry. Diana had never seen her father till the day of her arrival in New York, but Donald had visited her at the convent many times.

The young man offered his hand to the other woman, while Diana gazed, dim eyed, at the huddled man in the chair. "Not yet," said Frances, shrinking back. "God speed you and God guard you, Donald! I can't touch your hand just now! There are so many black things between it and mine." "True enough. But if I win out?" "How shall we know?" wearily. "When I come back it will be written on my face and in my eyes." He picked up his hat, looked down at Cranford, smiled oddly, passed from the room and gently shut the door. No sooner was he gone than the woman who had denied his hand flew wildly to the door and stopped before her hand touched the knob. "No, no, Frances!" cried Diana. "The man on the veranda paused. But I cannot let him carry away that lie. I might never see him again." "Do not call him back. He must have something to fight for, to win back. He knows. He has the keenest eye and the quickest mind of any man I know."

Frances turned and ran swiftly back to her room, closing the door violently. Diana looked sadly at the bowed man in the chair. The knowledge that she was the daughter of the notorious Smead had crushed him. "Mr. Cranford, are you ill?" "I don't know. I'm afraid to move. I shall fall down." Diana touched the bell. "Some cold chicken and a glass of milk. Have you any port wine in the house?" "Yes, Miss Wynne." "Martha, bring me the wine first. That'll set me up till I can get back to the hotel. Will you have them hitch up the team? I feel pretty weak." He sipped the wine, and shortly the glow of it permeated his veins. He set the glass under the chair and smiled. Diana was not expecting that smile, for it was warm and friendly.

"You were to call me Cran," he said. "Cran, I am sorry." "Sorry for what? Who was that young woman?"

"My brother's wife." "You told me you were married." "No, Cran, I told you that I could not marry any man—any man I might wish to marry. Can I—Michael Smead's daughter—a notorious gambler, a man without feeling or kindness or truth or honor—my father?"

He got up and steeled himself by holding on to the chair. "I must look pretty well banged up. Will you marry me, Diana?"

"No," quietly. "Smead's daughter cannot marry a man of your station." If only he knew how desperately she was fighting! She wanted him—wanted his head on her breast, close to her heart—wanted to run her fingers through his tousled hair—wanted him! "Come, supposing I took you at your word and married you. Could you introduce me to your friends? I am proud."

"In heaven's name, why not?" His hand slipped from the chair and he crossed the room unsteadily. "Look at me—in the eyes, Diana, and tell me you will not marry me."

"I will not marry you, Cran." Her eyes looked up into his, bravely and unwaveringly. "It is rather cruel of you. I'm helpless; I cannot get up and leave you."

"Do you want to leave me?" "Yes."

"Repeat after me," he said. "I do not love you."

She was silent.

"What is your father to me—friends? Out of the world somewhere you have come to me, and I shall not let you go. Will you wreck your life and mine over such a silly phantom?"

"Please go," she begged.

"I'd be a fine lover, wouldn't I? I shall stay here till the sun rises unless you tell me one way or the other."

Love! The kind a woman dreams of—waits for.

A smile quivered on her lips, and he saw it. He seized her hand, turned it palm upward and pressed it against his face. After a moment he looked up.

"You can't say it?"

"No."

"You don't want me to go?"

"No."

corner of his mouth to the other. Occasionally a small wave slapped mischievously against the gunwale and splashed his knees.

His teeth sank into the tobacco. The young fool would be back quickly enough when his money gave out. Still he ought not to have been so rough with him that day in Kingston. But the cool banter of the boy had maddened him.

Suddenly his teeth met with a click, and the cigar bounded and rolled down his chest to the bottom of the boat.

Played! He knew now. The boy had them. Possession had given him this courage. A quarter of a million, and South America, where no one would ask questions!

Played! Diana should tell him where the boy had gone, and, if it was the last thing he ever did, he would find him. Played all along; actually made sport of!

At the farm he called for Miss Smead. There was nobody there by that name.

"Perhaps it is Miss Wynne you wish to see?"

Wynne. So she had taken her mother's name?

"I am her father. I wish to see her." Cranford, the smiling old aristocrat (though at this moment his face was grave enough), the lawyer and a young woman he did not know, were standing behind Diana's chair.

Smead looked keenly at his daughter's face. She was as beautiful as ever her mother had been. The sight of her stirred nothing in his heart, no tender quickening, no regret.

"I wish to see you alone," he said directly.

"Whatever you may have to say to me must be said in the presence of my friends," she replied.

Straight from the shoulder. He nodded with appreciation. "I am your father."

"Beyond that accident of chance," she replied. "I do not recognize you."

"Where's Donald?" he asked.

"He is, I hope, on his way to South America. If I knew exactly where I should not tell you."

Smead laughed. "Well, you are wasting your time. He has lied to us all neatly. He went away with the gems stowed in his pocket. Fine reformation that!"

"That is not true."

"And who might you be?" inquired Smead coldly.

"I am Donald's wife," answered Frances.

"Yes. He left a note for me," interrupted Diana, "telling me what he did with them."

"And if he has the jewels he has certain rights to them. They were mine," said Frances.

"Yours? Stole them from you, his wife?" said Smead.

"Perhaps he only took them," she modified.

"All men are not rogues."

"Mr. Smead," said Diana, "I was born at sea, and my mother was buried at sea. And while she lay dying in the stateroom below, calling for you, calling for you, you told the steward not to bother you. You were busy playing cards in the smokeroom on deck. There is a burial at sea between you and me, Mr. Smead. These are the last words I shall ever speak to you."

Cranford stepped to the door and opened it.

Right about face, with never a glance back, into the open, down the path to the dock went Smead.

"Simmons," said the very old man, "I hate that man greater than all the hatreds in my life combined, yet what a son-in-law he would have made born right!"

"I am tired, and my arm aches," said Diana.

"Grandchild, I am a very old, very lonely man. I have brought my pride to you and laid it at your feet. If your mother had come to me at any time God is witness I would have taken her in my arms. But she was proud, too proud to admit that her judgment was wrong and mine was right. I want young people in my house. I want to hear laughter, music, coming and going. I want the ghosts driven out of its corners."

"Grandfather, I am going to marry the man I love, whatever he says."

"Mr. Wynne," said Cranford, "I have but little, yet I believe that little will suffice. I could not live on my wife's bounty."

"But she is bound to inherit what I have. Why waste all this time?"

"Let us compromise," interposed the suave Simmons. "Small birthday and Christmas gifts and Thursdays and Sundays to dine at Mr. Wynne's."

Diana looked up at Cranford, and he looked down at her.

Then they both laughed, and the grandfather laughed, and Simmons cackled, and the young woman with the tragic eyes smiled.

"To that we agree," said Cranford. And then Uncle Billy came rushing into the parlor.

"Hey, Miss Wynne, I got 'em!" "From under his arm he took the gray

cotton casings and shook forth the butts of two rods.

With trembling fingers he unscrewed the caps. A silvery cascade poured into Diana's lap—pearls, pearls, pearls!

"That was the wall I could not get over. I knew not how they were going to smuggle them in. Cran, these belonged to Frances' mother. Uncle Sam has had his tithe long ago. But if you had stumbled upon them earlier you would have had to report them, and they might have been confiscated."

"Diana," said the wife, "he meant it." "Of course he did! Uncle Billy?"

"Hub?"

"Mr. Cranford and I are going to be married this afternoon."

"And Mr. Cranford," said the owner of that name, "desires the pleasure of your company as best man."

"By jings!" exclaimed Uncle Billy. "What d'y' know 'bout that?"

Diana took Cranford's hand and laid it against her cheek and stared out of the window through the late September haze toward Pidgin Island.

"Lover!" she whispered.

THE END.

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A 42 CENTIMETER

CEDAR RAPIDS CITIZEN OBTAINS
QUICK ACTION FROM USE
OF TANLAC.

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"Following an attack of la grippe I suffered from lumbago and my general health became affected. I was tired, suffered from severe pain and did not sleep well. My condition was bad when I began taking Tanlac, but a few doses made a noticeable improvement in my health. I continued to take this medicine and now I am feeling better than I have in many months. Tanlac is a great medicine and I strongly recommend it to other sufferers."

Tanlac is sold exclusively in Rock Island at Riess Pharmacy, 1606 block, where hundreds of bottles have been purchased.—(Adv.)

Notice to Contractors.
Bids will be received at the mayor's office, 10 a. m. Dec. 14, 1915, for paving Eighth avenue from Twenty-fourth street to Twenty-ninth street.
WILLIAM MC CONOCHIE,
Mayor.

Legal.
Publication Notice.
State of Illinois, Rock Island County—ss:

In the Circuit Court of Rock Island county, Illinois, January term, 1916.
R. P. Walt vs. Bruce Bradford. In Attachment. Demand, \$110.

Notice is hereby given to you, the said Bruce Bradford, that a writ of attachment has been sued out of the office of the clerk of the circuit court of the county of Rock Island, at the suit of the said R. P. Walt, and against the estate of you, the said Bruce Bradford, for one hundred and ten dollars, besides interest, directed to the sheriff of said county to execute.

Now, unless you, the said Bruce Bradford, shall personally be and appear before the circuit court of said county, on the first day of the next term thereof, to be held at Rock Island, in said county, on the first Monday in the month of January next, give special bail and plead to said action, judgment will be entered against you in favor of the said plaintiff, and the property attached sold to satisfy the same, with costs.

GEORGE W. GAMBLE,
Clerk.
Rock Island, Ill., Dec. 2, 1915.
Schrivver & Schriver, plaintiff's attorneys.

Executor's Notice.
Estate of Hans Jensen, deceased.
The undersigned having been appointed executrix of the last will and testament of Hans Jensen, late of the county of Rock Island, state of Illinois, deceased, hereby gives notice that she will appear before the Hon. Benjamin Bell, judge of the probate court of Rock Island county, at the probate court room, in the city of Rock Island, at the February term, at which time all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having the same adjusted.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated third day of December, A. D. 1915.

MARIA HELENA JENSEN,
Executrix.